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Judge

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Judge

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A SOULFUL and appreciative art critic, probably overcome by the pensive dreaminess of a certain landscape, speaks with so deep and reverential feeling of its many beauties and charms that one is compelled to fancy that he has, spiritually speaking, gone out into its misty maze of color gradations and lost himself. He speaks of "meditative meads" and "listening woodlands." Possibly meads meditate and woodlands listen in painting, but it is difficult to believe that they do so in nature. It may be discovered after a while that a marsh can be melancholy, a plain phlegmatic, and a swamp bilious, even when engaged in raising a crop of mandrake pills. If woodlands listen it may be to the hilarity of the hill, the pantoum of the pond, or the palinode of the pasture. The vocabulary of the art critic is extremely soulful, and is not without a unique poetic suggestiveness, especially when "rococo" and "bizarre" are handled with a true appreciation of their value as artistic adjectives. In fact, the vocabulary is often superior in an art sense to the canvas it describes with such sympathy, tenderness and truth. We like the critic when he speaks of chrysoprase twilights and Rosetti heavens full of lithe doffodils and golden crocuses and violet snowscapes. But when it comes to pictures of so subtle and elusive beauty as to cause him to lose his head and go into ecstasies over the whispering cabbage-patch, the whistling turnip-field and the sneezing tomatoscape, and to allude, as we may safely expect him to, to the coppice as being jaundiced and to the wold as being hysterical, we think he would then do well to collaborate with a medical expert, that the result of their labors may be at once a critique and a diagnosis.

IF THE SUBWAY and the trolleys continue to go hand-in-hand on their fell mission of killing people at the present rate it may come to pass that before long the population will be so reduced that there will not be a sufficient number of human beings left to read the record-breaking novels of the day. The publishers should take time by the forelock and protect themselves by putting accident policies on the book-folk that live in these perilous spots, that in the event of their taking off by wheel or dynamite they (the publishers) may still continue to flourish, even if they cannot consistently follow their present plan of announcing first editions of one or two hundred thousand copies.

* * *

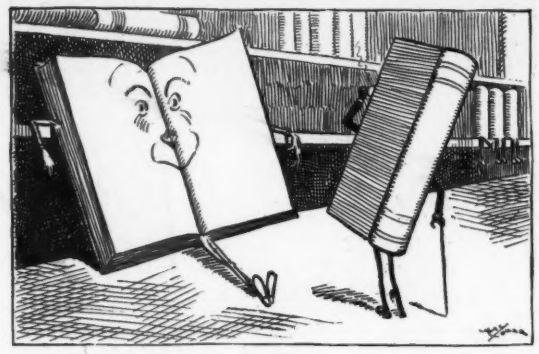
AN ENTERPRISING western man has just bought five hundred thousand wishbones, and is anxious to purchase as many more if he can find the person who can produce them. These wishbones are used as novelties in advertising after they have been begilded and beribboned until they fairly breathe the elusive spirit of the sweet-girl-graduate essay, that is redolent of taffeta, not to say taffy. As the demand for the wishbone of commerce is much greater than the supply, the enterprising collector should lose no time in supplying the market with a celluloid specimen which would in every way serve the purpose of the genuine article fresh from the heaving bosom of the hen. We most earnestly and sincerely trust that the collector may not, in his tilt with the fates that preside over the destinies of business, come out at the short end of the wishbone, which is destined to take its place beside the horseshoe of fortune as a bit of artistic decoration.

* * *

THE LATEST physical-culture fad in London is known as the "somersault cure," and is a system formulated specially for fat women. This cure is practiced in the house of a West-end surgeon, who, it would seem, must also be a master of the gymnastic art. If the surgeon-athlete would add a leaf to his professional crown and put another feather in his social hat, he should lose no time in gathering together his finest specimens of dowagerial obesity for the purpose of giving an amateur circus for charity as one of the festivities of coronation week. Dowagers of elephantine proportions somersaulting around the sawdust ring, playing leap-frog, and giving other proofs of their fat-dissolving agility, might scatter a church-mortgage in a single performance. If the fad should be taken up in this country it would be well for its promoters, if they would make it prevalent, to have a fat woman turn somersaults in a shop-window at stated intervals during the day. If a man baking cakes in a window has the effect of giving one an appetite for these disci of mental discord, a fat woman turning somersaults behind plate-glass, on a public thoroughfare, should certainly stimulate all the obese seers of the same sex to employ a similar method as a means of ridding themselves of the superfluous flesh which hides their lines of beauty, even as the block of granite conceals the angel which the sculptor may find within it. It would be intensely interesting to stand and note the process of the professional beauty emerging gradually from her chrysalis of undulating flesh and becoming by degrees, in curve and line, a golden butterfly of rosy loveliness.

THE PROPER MATERIAL.

MAJOR BLUDGUD—"It don't seem jes' right to shoot down them Philippine niggers, does it?"
MAJOR HOTPEPPER—"No, majah; not with so much good hemp a-growin' all over them islands."



IN BOOK-LAND.

MR. HISTORY—"Well, I hear our old friend Dictionary has gone to the hospital."
MR. NOVEL—"What's matter?"
MR. HISTORY—"Going to have his appendix removed."

LOVERS ONCE BUT STRANGERS NOW.

YES, once she dearly loved me; now,
As strangers we have met.
She who would nestle in my arms,
My darling love, Lucette.

Alas! for me those days have fled.
The rules of etiquette
Which govern three and twenty-three
Are not the same, Lucette.

C. E. LEONARD.

A RAISE.

Press-agent—"The star says she wants a raise.

Manager—"All right. Tell her I'll add half an inch to the height of the letters in her name on the programme."

OLD BILL—"I tell you there's nothing like these spring-medicine posters for toning up a feller's system."

HIS ERROR.

"YE hov made a mishtake, sor!" said McLubberty, addressing the strange Hibernian who had just slapped him cordially on the back. "Ut's not me ye are whackin'! Begorra, Oi don't know yez!"

"Thot's so, bedad!" replied the other, gazing at him critically. "Sure, Oi hov been lookin' for dhe wrong mon! Dhe joke is on yez, dhis toime, my fri'nd."

IMPOSSIBLE.

Brooklyn Wildes—"Do you ever think of moving?"

Harlem Phlatts—"Heavens, no! There's only room to stand up in my flat."

EVERY baseball pitcher goes to the box once too often.

A DOG-FIGHT IN THE SOUTH.

"Colonel Bridge's dog and mine had a fight yesterday."
"How did it come out?"
"Well, the colonel drew first but shot wild, so I laid him up with a bullet in his shoulder."

PHILOLOGICAL.

THE debate was on the question of allowing the ladies of the Mount Zion church (colored) the right of suffrage. Several glowing speeches had been made, pro and con, when Deacon Poindexter Pogson arose and said, with ponderous emphasis,

"I'se opposed, sah, to allowin' de sisteren de ballot. Don' dey already suppoht an' corroborate de church? An' is dey gwine to do any moh afteh we exonerates 'em?"

The motion was lost.

IT NEVER DOES.

OH, WRETCHES of apprehension,
Oh, drinkers of spiritual gall,
To this truth give thy attention—
The worst never happens at all.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR. JACKSON—"Ye'r dog jest bit me!"
MR. JOHNSON—"Shucks! I bought him fo' a rabbit dog, but I'm 'fraid he'll chase most any old thing!"

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ALICE JOHNSON.

Whene'er you appear 'tis to shine in drama, in dance, or in cake-walk.
You're ever the star of the show—the star that keeps rising and rising.
And when you essay the high kick and caper in manner most frisky,
You hold us spellbound till our thoughts are simply a riotous rumpus.
Oh, long may you curvet and skip as light as the bloom-scented zephyr,
And long may we linger and dream, entranced by your gay evolutions,
Until we exclaim, in our joy, "Oh, you're the particular Alice
That tops—as the quail tops the toast—the crest of our roseate fancy."

THE WEATHER.

THE weather is a curious thing—
It changes so from day to day.
But if it didn't what on earth
Would stupid people have to say?

A WELL-PROTECTED NEIGHBORHOOD.

First tramp—"Have any luck around here?"

Second tramp—"Awful luck! Half de folks keeps dogs an' de udder half keeps wood-piles."

HIS FIRST OLIVE.

Casey—"Phwat's thot th' bar-tindher is afther puttin' in th' booze?"

Clancy—"Whisht! Don't display yure ignorance. Thot's an Oirish cherry."

QUICK AND EFFECTIVE.

PANIC-STRICKEN, the stage-manager rushes to the chairman of the school-entertainment committee.

"The hall is on fire!" he exclaims. "If we tell the audience there will be a riot and many will be killed in the rush to get out. If we do not tell them they will all be burned. Oh, what shall we do?"

Now, the chairman is a man of coolness and ingenuity. Stepping quietly before the curtain, he says,

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will next be entertained by Miss Winnie Wurdeigh, the well-known elocutionist, who will render 'Curfew shall not ring to-night.'"

As by magic the audience flits from the hall, one by one, until naught but the empty seats is left to satiate the furious appetite of the red demon.

FIRST VASE—"I see Candle is wearing a fool's cap again."
SECOND VASE—"Yes; and he seems quite put out about it."

A CASE IN POINT.

MRS. BENHAM—"Some people profit by the mistakes of others."
BENHAM—"Yes. For instance, the minister who got five dollars for marrying us."

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A GOOD LEAD.

HE—"Don't you think General Miles a trifle egotistical?"
SHE—"Well, he thinks he is miles ahead of the rest of the government."

DECISION IN THE FIRST STANLAWS ART COMPETITION.

Miss L. M. A. Ross, 201 Main Street, Lacrosse, Wisconsin, is awarded the ten-dollar prize for the best-colored picture sent to us of the Stanlaws drawing which appeared in JUDGE 1064. There were over five hundred pictures sent in for this competition. The picture sent in by Miss Edgerly (address not given), and that sent by Miss Marjorie McCurdy, 3647 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, and that sent by J. Joslyn Boyd, 12 North Main Street, Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, were next in point of excellence in color effect to the picture of Miss Ross. These artists used good taste in coloring. The greater majority of the competitors overcolored their pictures.

NOTHING NEW TO HIM.

"YES," said Uncle Bill Meddergrass in recounting his adventures while on a visit to his city nephew; "yes, I reckon John did his best to entertain me an' to make me have a good time—p'ticularly about the theayters. He took me to a different show 'bout every night except Sunday, an' then I noticed he had to look in the d'rectory to find out whur the church was. But the first theayter he took me to was one 'bout 'Way Down South,' or somepin like that, an' they had a real hog an' a real dog an' a real pump an' a real hoss in the show. An' the nex' one was a theayter 'bout 'David Scarem,' an' it had more hosses an' more pumps an' more hay in it. An' then the nex' theayter was 'bout 'Blue Jeans,' an' it had a real saw-mill an' real farmers an' real dishes on the table. An' then they was other theaytres with real barns an' real cows an' real chickens an' real this an' that, but I can't say as how I was exac'ly struck with 'em. No, not exac'ly. Some time I intend to go to the city without lettin' John know about it, an' then I'm goin' to see a real theayter; but as to this trip, as fur as theayters is concerned, I could 'a' stayed at home an' saved John money an' seen the same things."

HIS CHANCE.

CHOLLY—"That heiress from Oklahoma says she never saw a lobster except in cans."
RUPERT—"Good! Then you ought to make a grand impression in that dress-suit."

EXPENSIVE.

MISTAH JACKSON—"How yo'r son makin' out up in Noo Yawk? Do it cost moah fo' vittles up dah?"
UNCLE SAMBO—"Free times as much. Henry sez dat dere ain't a chicking-coop er a watah-million-patch in de whole place."

USEFUL.

WILLIE—"Gee! next time I go shooting porcupines I'm going to bring an umbrella along."

MISTAKEN NATIONALITY.

THE inebriated citizen, who was ricochetting his homeward way just as dawn was gleaming and glittering like a Spanish omelet, collided suddenly and forcibly with the silent one.

"Get out, you crazy Dutchman!" he cried angrily; but a second glance convinced him that he was addressing a Pole.

HIS RISIBILITIES TICKLED.

"IT was right funny," stated the chef of the cannibal king. "It was right funny to hear that cook we captured last week telling us how to prepare soup stock. It made me think of a lobster giving lectures before the chafing-dish party began."

And then he gravely swallowed a pepsin pill that had been left by the pièce de résistance of a wedding breakfast.

AN OMINOUS OUT-LOOK.

Farmer Hornbeak—"I see by the papers that a syndicate out in Missouri has established a dog-ranch where they are goin' to raise bloodhounds exclusively."

Farmer Mossbacker—"I s'pose that means the found-in' of an 'Uncle-Tom's-Cabin' trust. It's capital strikin' another blow at the toilin' masses."

A NOVELTY, ANY WAY.

"I'VE got the greatest idea you ever heard of for a strenuous play," declares the young author.

"What are you going to dramatize—the cook-book?" we ask with fine sarcasm.

"Dramatize nothing!" he retorts. "This is to be purely and entirely and amazingly original. The heroine is to be a mother-in-law and the hero a baseball umpire."

THE WHOLE THING.

GLADYS—"What do you think of all the adulation they paid Prince Henry when he was here?"
ETHEL—"Simply rank."

SUGAR FOR SUGAR.

FROM Cuba's sugar-coated
And bright tobacco land
They shout, "Oh, quit your foolin'
An' show us where we stand."
No matter if their sugar 's
But poor stuff on the isle,
The sugar of the beet-men
Is fifty times as vile.

ALL OVER.

THE young woman sat by the window looking out into the air dreamily, when her reverie was disturbed by an elderly woman coming in.

"Oh," said the visitor, "excuse me. I didn't know you were absorbed."

"Come in," responded the dreamer, extending her hand. "I am glad to see you."

"But why are you so pensive? You look as if your best friend had died. What is the matter?"

The young woman drew her handkerchief hastily across her eyes. "Ah," she sighed, "Tom and I"——

The older woman dropped her hands in her lap in a helpless, despairing fashion. "Don't tell me," she interrupted, "that you and Tom have quarreled?"

The girl sighed again. "The end has come," she said, "to all our moonlight drives, to the tender whisperings beneath the magnolia-trees, to the boxes of caramels and the baskets of flowers, to the sweet nothings in the conservatory as the dancers whirl in the ball-room, to the verses he wrote me, to the rivalries and jealousies of sweetheart days, to the"——

"Say no more!" exclaimed the older woman, determined to set matters right. "What have you two done? Tell me everything."

The young girl came over and laid her head on the older female's shoulder.

"We were married this morning at ten o'clock," she whispered. And the older woman's hands fell helpless once more.

A TOSS-UP FOR CHOICE.

DEACON DROOLERS (*bewildered*)—"'Delicious pig's head, five cents er pound; delicious ox-tail, five cents er pound.' Guess I'll toss up dis cent toe see what it'll be—head or tails."

A DRAMATIC TRIUMPH.

MISS FLOSSIE FOOTLITES—"Now, don't you dare move!"
SECOND-STORY SAM—"Don't shoot, lady! You kin have yer di'munds back."
MISS FLOSSIE FOOTLITES—"Be still! (Snap.) Hooray! Now I have photographic proof that my jewels were stolen. The public can no longer doubt my press-agent."

A LONG-FELT WANT.

WE HAVE the horseless carriage,
The horseless sausage fine;
We have the wireless message,
Also the grapeless wine.
There's the coalless fire in the kitchen
To make the housewife glad;
But oh, for a brand-new genius
To give us the boneless shad!

OH, PSHAW!

THE American stood near the imperial palace in the streets of Teheran as the gorgeously-caparisoned cavalcade wound by.

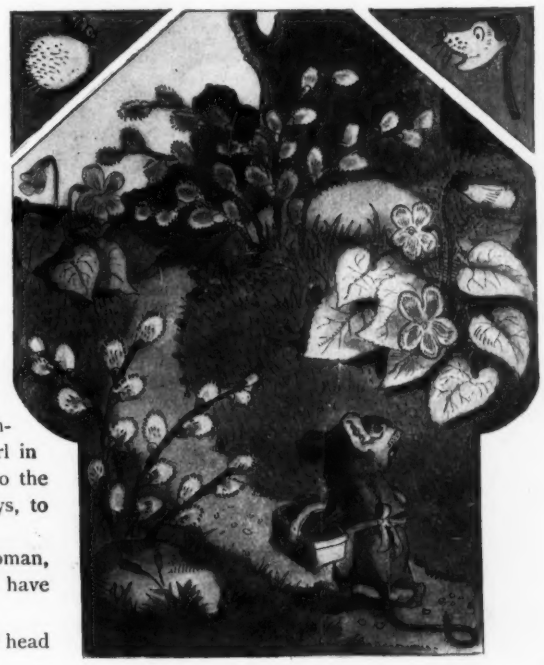
"Kneel, dog of an infidel!" cried a Persian policeman, raising his scimiter. "None are permitted to stand in the presence of the mighty ruler."

With a smile of disdain the American surveyed the passing potentate.

"Oh, shah!" he said.

TOO MANY EYES.

MRS. BEET—"Well, can you explain to me how you lost your fortune?"
MR. POTATO—"Sure. I spent it all on spectacles."



IN DANGER.

ETHEL MOUSE—"Oh, dear, I'm so afraid! The woods are all full of pussy-willows and dog-violets."

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THE TRUSTS WILL FIGHT UNCLE SA

UNCLE SAM'S FIGHT AGAINST EUROPE.

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho. & Pg. Co. New York.

SAVED.

IT WAS a beautiful evening in the year 1989 as the youthful historical novelist, disengaging his arm absently from the waist of the young girl who sat with him, uttered a deep sigh.

"What is the matter, dearest?" his beautiful companion said. "Is aught troubling you? Perhaps your new book is hard in the making?"

"Worse than that!" exclaimed her lover. "It is impossible. Can I trust you?" he muttered, gazing fearfully around.

"If not me, who else?" she proudly replied.

"Then," he exclaimed, "I will tell you all. The fact is that since historical novels began to be written, about a century ago, every bit of available material has gradually been used up, until now there is not a single hour of the past, nor a single country, in which some historical scene has not been laid. What am I to do? Here, upon the threshold of my career, and when we expect so soon to be married, how am I to go on when all has been done?"

The bright flush of inspiration suffused the face of the one at his side as, with a woman's quickness, she cried,

"That's easy! Why don't you begin and write books in which only historical novelists of the past are the heroes? Surely there are enough of them, male and female."

Her lover turned and clasped her swiftly in his arms. "My darling!" he exclaimed, "you have saved me. I have a boundless field before me."

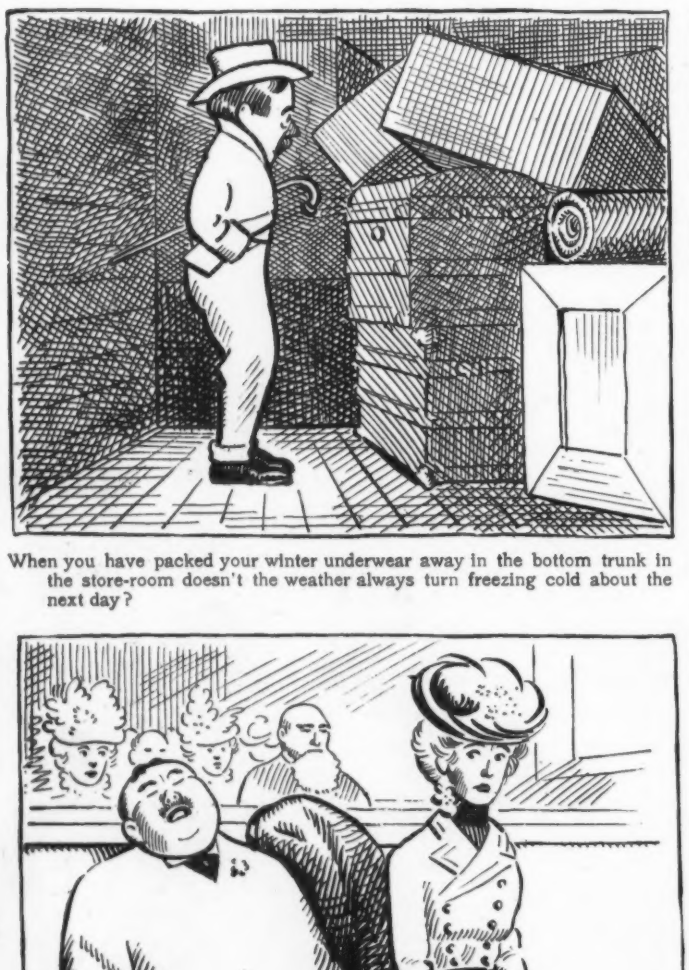
AFTER THE CURTAIN DROPPED.

COMPOSER—"That sailors' chorus was awful. What was the matter?"
STAGE-MANAGER—"The tars couldn't get the right pitch."

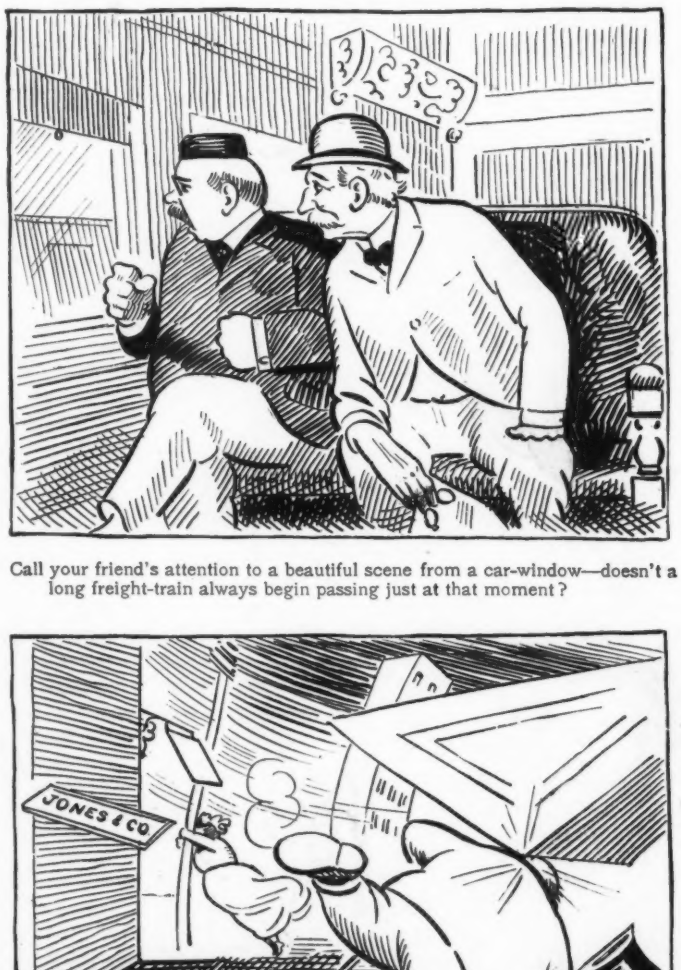
HIS STATUS.

Drummer—"That fellow Lazzenberry is very lazy, isn't he?"

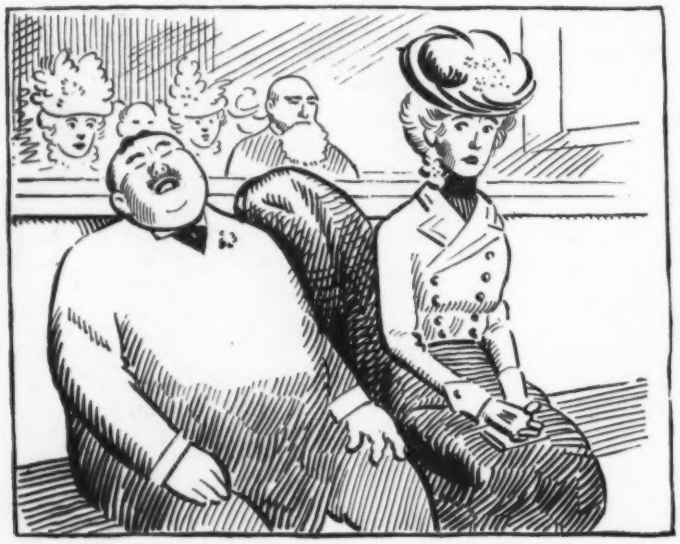
Ruralville merchant—"Yes. If he were a worm I don't believe he would ever turn."



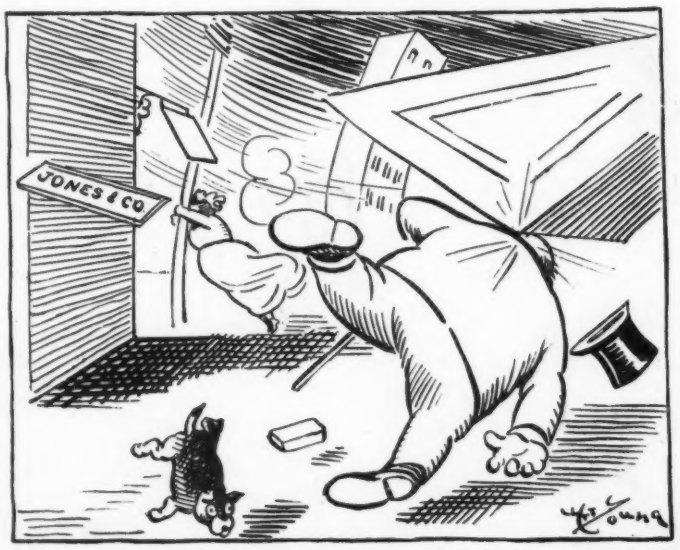
When you have packed your winter underwear away in the bottom trunk in the store-room doesn't the weather always turn freezing cold about the next day?



Call your friend's attention to a beautiful scene from a car-window—doesn't a long freight-train always begin passing just at that moment?



Let a woman take her husband to church to hear a sermon on "man's selfishness," or some such important subject—doesn't he invariably go to sleep?



After a man has paid his accident insurance regularly for ten years, and only once neglects to renew his policy, isn't that the very time something like the above happens to him?

OUR TROUBLES—A FEW OF THEM ILLUSTRATED.

Spudd—"What did you do with your stock in that ocean greyhound?"

Scadds—"Sold it out. Too slow. I have gone into a syndicate that's building an air greyhound."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Before Meals—The Best Appetizer.
Dr. Siegert's Genuine Imported Angostura Bitters.

Candor—"You see that lady over there? She is Mrs. C. I fell in love with her at first sight. What do you think of that?"

Synnex—"I think it would have been better had you taken a second look."—*Boston Transcript.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

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Don't be prejudiced against bottled cocktails until you have tried the Club brand. No better ingredients can be bought than those used in their mixing. The older they grow the better they are, and will keep perfect in any climate after being opened. You certainly appreciate an old bottle of Punch, Burgundy, Claret, Whiskey, or Brandy, why should you not an old bottle of Cocktail? Have you considered it? Seven kinds. All grocers and druggists keep them.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., *Sole Proprietors*
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON.

"Ah, Reginald, dearest," she sighed, "but how can I be sure that you will not grow weary of me after we have been married a little while?"

"I don't know," he answered, "unless we get married and find out."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

A BOTTLE of EVANS' ALE

A pleasure that lives perpetually in the memories of all men who appreciate the good things of this life.

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The boy—"This isn't what she ordered."

The grocer—"I know it. Just tell her this is more expensive, but we'll let her have it for the same price."—*Indianapolis News.*

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

Hardens the gums—cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth—sweetens the breath. No powder or liquid to spill—most convenient package to carry or use. At all Druggists 25c.
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Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

"Yes, he is absolutely penniless now, but once he was a prominent contractor in New York, and got the lion's share of all the contract work given out by the Democratic administration."

"Ah! I suppose when he turned over the tiger's share he didn't have much left."—*Catholic Standard.*

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Droptin, as she heard Mr. Sputter in the next room. "What dreadful language!"

"I hope you won't mind it," replied Mrs. Sputter; "my husband is merely giving an imitation of a missing word contest without any words missing."—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

Young Men

You Are Advised to

INVESTIGATE ENDOWMENT LIFE INSURANCE

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DEPT. N

"In some of the oriental countries a woman feels disgraced if she allows her face to be seen in public."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "and after seeing some of their faces I quite agree with them."—*Washington Star.*

"I missed one of my pullets last night, Rufus," said the colonel sternly.

"Sho!" answered Rufus, evasively, "Yo' oughtn't tuh shoot at pullets in the dahk, kunnel."—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

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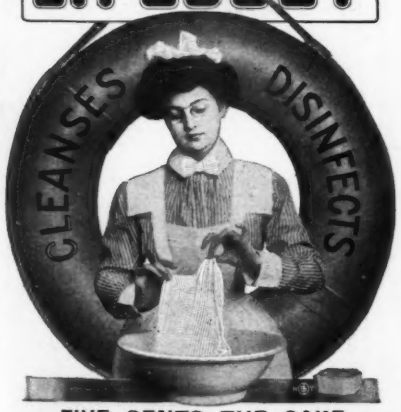

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And morning-glories, too?
The sprouting green potato plants
Are gladsome to my view.
I feel no thrills at seeing how
The crocus buds and blows;
Give me the joyous garden where
The early onion grows.

Give me the ruddy radish; let
Me know that it is mine,
And you may have the pleasure of
The bug-collecting vine.
Who cares for thoughtful pansies, which
Among the grasses sigh?
The rhubarb plant is ribald with
A prophecy of pie.
—*Baltimore American.*

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"Oh, yes, you can; but you won't if it's anything you don't want to go any further."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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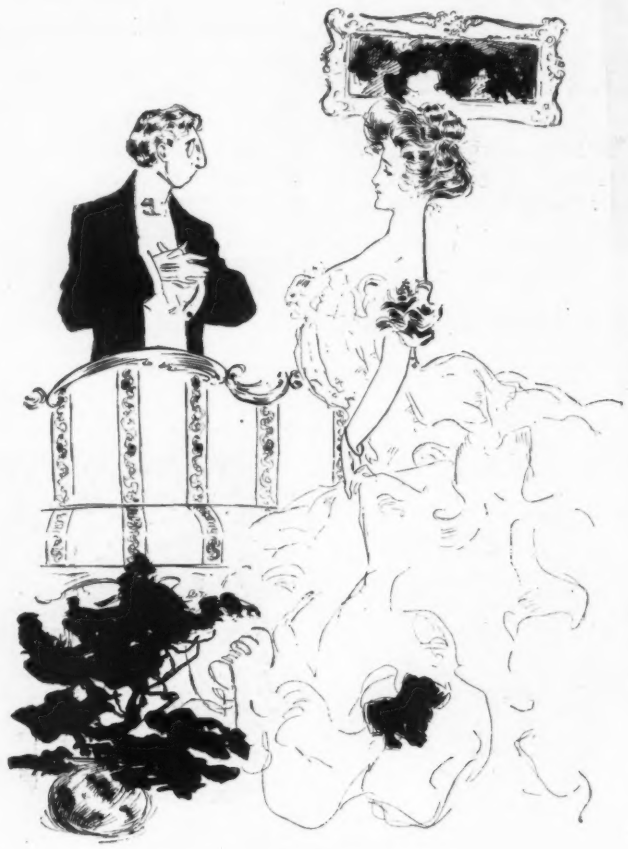

HIS PAST.

FERDY (*trying to make an impression*)—"Heavens! what would I not give to be able to forget my past."

EDITH—"What! do those old nursery spankings still rankle in your memory?"

CORRECT ANSWERS TO JUDGE'S Picture Puzzles IN CONTEST No. 2.

The following are the correct answers to the twenty-four puzzles comprising JUDGE'S Picture Puzzles, Contest No. 2:

The names of those who have been successful in solving the puzzles will be published in next week's JUDGE (No. 1071).

1. Depew.
2. Platt.
3. Beveridge.
4. Lodge.
5. Burrows.
6. Foraker.
7. Dagon.
8. Jupiter.
9. Hygeia.
10. Anubis.
11. Mars.
12. Buddha.
13. Negro insur. at Harper's Ferry.
14. First battle of Bull Run.
15. Second battle of Bull Run.
16. Emancipation proclamation.
17. Lee's surrender.
18. Lincoln's assassination.
19. Rabbit.
20. Ram.
21. Bear.
22. Tapir.
23. Mohr.
24. Deer.

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January 3d, No. 168, year 1885.
January 24th, No. 171, year 1885.
January 31st, No. 172, year 1885.
May 5th, No. 342, year 1888.
December 6th, No. 477, year 1890.
December 27th, No. 480, year 1890.
January 3d, No. 481, year 1891.
January 10th, No. 482, year 1891.
January 17th, No. 483, year 1891.
December 10th, No. 582, year 1892.
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was the first maker of sticks of soap for shaving. Sticks in 3 sizes; shaving cakes in 3 sizes.

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"Yes," said the old doctor, "you should try to have your own carriage, by all means. Because when you want to get to a patient quickly"——

"Oh!" interrupted the young M.D., "I don't think any patient who sent for me would be likely to die before I reached him."

"No, but he might recover before you got there."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Say, Briscom, why don't you listen to Blodgett's after-dinner remarks?"

"Because I prefer to read them in the morning papers. They sound so much better after the reporters put them in shape."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Reached in 24 hours from New York in through Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars via Southern Railway. A place where rest and recreation can be most happily combined. The climate and baths are especially applicable for nervous and rheumatic troubles. The pure mountain air, charming scenery, and luxurious thermal baths are among the attractions which justly render Hot Springs a favorable resort for people seeking health and recreation. Elegant hotel, all modern improvements. For particulars call on or address, New York offices, 271 and 1185 Broadway. Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

"Bliffkins is always talking about how smart he is. It is his worst failing."

"Not by a good deal."

"What does he do worse than that?"

"He talks about how smart his baby is."—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

A TRUE STORY WITH A MORAL

ONE day a man was trying to shave. He had been induced to buy one of the *substitutes* for Williams' Shaving Soap, and was having an awful time—literally tearing his hair. The lather was thin and watery, would not soften his beard, and dried as soon as applied to his face. It dulled his razor, and no amount of stropping made any difference. His face smarted as if it had been scraped with a file. A friend dropped in with a camera, and was so struck by his agonized expression that he took his picture, and then remarked that he was an idiot to use anything but Williams' Shaving Soap.

"Trying a Substitute."

"Using Williams' Shaving Soap."

Next morning the camera fiend dropped in again. His friend had procured Williams' Shaving Soap meanwhile and was again shaving himself. Everything was changed. The thick, cooling, refreshing lather made him happy. This lather softened his beard. His razor was sharp and keen, and shaving, instead of being an agonizing operation, had become a genuine pleasure. He vowed a great vow that nothing would ever again induce him to try a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap. A glance at the two faces conveys more than words. You can't miss the moral.

CAUTION.—Don't accept a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap on which the dealer makes a little more profit. It's not only a poor policy to economize on your shaving soap, but it's apt to be a dangerous one.

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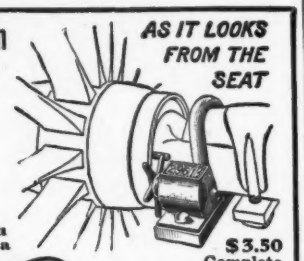

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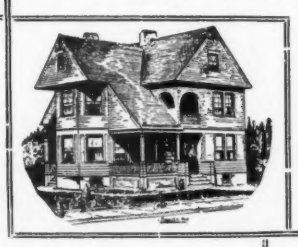

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If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

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THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

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We are offering to the consumer direct, our Silk Hat Cocktails at the extremely low price of $3.20 for four full quart bottles of *Manhattan Vermouth, Whiskey* or *Martini Cocktails*, as you may select, express prepaid by us.
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English Mohairs, Tweeds, Meltons and Venetians, Scotch and Irish Homespuns, Reversible Tweeds and Cheviots, Light-Weight Faced Cloths, Changeant Cloths, Zibelines, Panne Cloths.

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BY STANLAWS

Size 10½ in. x 25½ in.

REPRODUCED in colors from the original water-color drawings and printed upon high grade plate paper. The series is made up of three pictures—two of the subjects in panel form are shown herein. These new Stanlaws' poster effects make most beautiful pictures for home decorative purposes. The Stanlaws' Poster Pictures are for sale by all art dealers and high-class booksellers and stationers. They are sold at 50 cents each, or the complete set of three will be forwarded, charges prepaid, for $1.25.

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JUDGE COMPANY
110 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

THE TAIL OF THE HOBBY HORSE.

LITTLE Eddie did chores for the great Wagliostro, whose business was to mend broken hearts, bones and umbrellas by faith alone. So successful was Wagliostro in doing away with medicines that most of the drug stores in the town would have been forced out of business had it not been for the fact that saloon licenses were expensive and it was cheaper to run a drug store. The undertakers, however, were prosperous.

Wagliostro, as a healer, achieved wide fame. He was his own living example and thus the expense of hiring a person for this rôle was obviated. Before he became a healer this man was very poor, indeed; but by following the business for a few years the healer proved the efficacy of his own treatment by providing for himself the reputation, financially speaking, of being "well heeled." By riding a hobby horse along the pathway of life, he had found the journey both pleasant and profitable; and it was therefore perhaps not unnatural that for a happy Yule-tide present for his diminutive chore boy this great man should have selected a hobby horse. Joyful was the soul of little Eddie, and with that pride which cometh before a fall the chore boy showed his present to the butcher's lad.

Envy and malice are not limited to age or youth; thus it was that the youthful Edward left the butcher's lad in charge of his hobby horse one day, only to find the horse tailless when he returned. When Eddie recovered from his wrath he decided upon the novel plan of taking the horse to a toy hospital and having the injury remedied.

The healer would not consent. The equine specimen was placed in comfortable quarters in the garret and Eddie was instructed as to the course he should pursue.

Every time the hall clock struck the hour, Eddie's task was to raise his eyes toward the attic, make motions with his hands and mouth—and have faith that the horse would soon be possessed of a new tail. Even when the boy grew tired and stopped the hall clock, his troubles did not end. Just at that time there was perhaps no tail coming; but there was a wail coming. Such an effective lesson was administered to the youth that he resumed his hand-and-mouth gyrations with renewed vigor, and little by little became the victim of the illusion that his hobby horse in time would become whole.

Eddie grew in faith as he grew in years. The tail of the hobby horse grew not at all. One day, when the young man had reached physical maturity, and was giving his hobby horse absent treatment from the business part of town, a policeman discovered him in the very act. A jury decided that Eddie's mind was unbalanced and ordered him confined.

Little Eddie—still known by that cognomen because of his childish conduct—continued during an incarceration of many years his periodical attempts to give the hobby horse absent treatment. His antics and talks on such occasions were considered with careful interest by the greatest specialists in the country. Unknown to this victim of illusions, the Wagliostro residence burned to the ground—and the hobby horse burned with it. But just before Eddie was transferred to the ward for incurables he insisted that he could plainly see the hobby horse in the attic, and that it had a tail.

Yes; the hobby horse at last had a tail—and this is the tale.

THE AVERTED TRAGEDY.

By Alfred J. Waterhouse.

THE mood of the man is strenuously bitter.

Gloom is upon his brow.

He scowls fiercely.

Anon he mutters, and his mutterings are as maledictions.

The baby toddles against his foot and he immediately drives it away.

He addresses his better half as "Say, you!"

Tragedy is in the atmosphere. In such moods men have done murder.

Is the woman alarmed? Not to a noticeable degree. She glances at the man, notes his corrugated brow, and whispers: "Poor John! It *is* late."

Then she bustles about her work, and soon she speaks: "Dinner is ready, John."

Magic words!

In two minutes the man feels better; in three minutes he has recovered; in five, he is calm; in seven, peaceful; ten, happy; fourteen, filled with ineffable bliss.

Now the man smiles constantly; he tells funny stories; good-nature oozes from him, and when the woman tenderly asks if he can afford a spring hat for her, he says, "Course," and beams upon her.

And this is one man, not two, and thus is the evil spirit exorcised.

Moral (for wise housewives only)—Feed the animal.

"Yes," said the head man of the new settlement, "we're after a railroad now."

"You don't say!"

"Yes; ef we could only git a railroad to come this way, kill a few cows an' cut off some o' the legs of the older citizens, we'd sue it fer damages an' git enough to build a town hall an' grade the cemetery!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Spain has an eight-hour labor law now."

"It doesn't apply to rioters and revolutionists, does it?"—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

"Lady," said the wayfarer, "I can't eat these scraps."

"You can't?" said the housewife in surprise. "Why, you just told me that you were so hungry you could eat a house."

"Yes, mum; but I meant a porterhouse."—*Chicago News.*

Young doctor—"Was the operation you performed upon the American who returned from the Philippines for treatment successful?"

Old doctor—"It was, thoroughly so. It will necessitate at least two more."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Jane—"There's always one puzzling thing about bargains."

John—"What's that?"

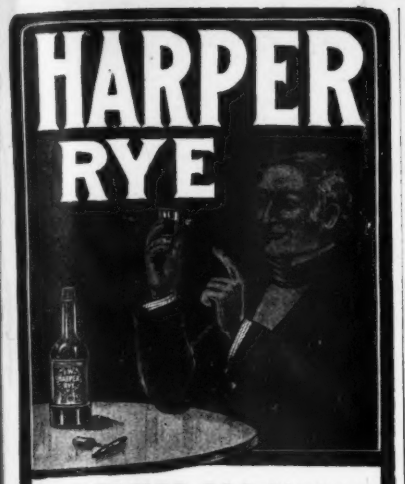
Jane—"Why, you never can tell whether a 49-cent plate is marked down from 50 cents or up from 48."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Nuyorkis—"Hand me the morning paper, will you, dear?"

Mrs. Nuyorkis—"Do you wish to see the stock quotations?"

Mr. Nuyorkis—"No; I merely wish to see if the weather bureau predicts any explosions for to-day."—*Ohio State Journal.*

HARPER RYE



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Branch Warehouse, 20 Beekman Street, New York.
ALL KINDS OF PAPER MADE TO ORDER.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

MY ALARM-CLOCK.

There's a little dumpy sergeant that calls
me to the fray,
Arousing me from slumber at five o'clock
each day.
At five o'clock precisely he hammers at
my door,
And breaks in forty pieces my most de-
lightful snore.

This little dumpy sergeant, so prompt
and so precise,
He calls me once with vigor, he never
calls me twice.
If I choose not to hear him, and shut my
eyes again,
Why, I may wake myself up—at nine
o'clock, or ten.

Another little sergeant, who hammers on
my heart,
Who pummels me so briskly, he makes
me sting and smart.
When I lie down in darkness and shut my
eyes to sin,
This little sergeant—Conscience—awakes
me with his din.

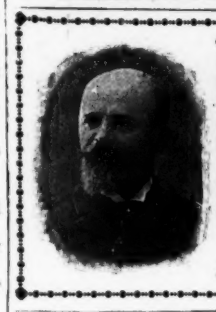
But ah, this little sergeant, so prompt and
so precise,
He also seldom calls me but once or
twice or thrice.
"Wake up!" he cries; "arouse you, or
sleep forevermore!"
Ah, heed the little sergeant while he is at
the door!

—*Amos R. Wells in Junior Christian Endeavor World.*

He was only four, and convalescent from the grip. Leaning his little head on his mother's arm, he said, wearily, "Oh, mamma, I feel like a broken toy!" —*Boston Herald.*

Pabst beer is always pure

Brewed in a plant as clean as the cleanest home kitchen—always open to your inspection—58,971 visitors last year.



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Beeman's
THE ORIGINAL
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others are Imitations.

WM BARKER CO. TROY, N.Y.
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS
ARE THE BEST
BUY THEM.

Knicker—"What were poor Henpekt's last words?"

Bocker—"Didn't have any. His wife was present."—*Sun.*

Bizzer—"I understand Grafter has reformed."

Buzzer—"Has he?"

Bizzer—"Yes; gone out of politics and into the burglary business."—*Ohio State Journal.*

WHITMAN'S
CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS
Pure, Fresh, Delicious.
Sold everywhere.
Try Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut St.
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3rd Contest
SERIES 3

JUDGE'S PUZZLE PICTURES

$250.00 WILL BE PAID

13.....

14.....

15.....

16.....

17.....

18.....

HERE are six pictures. Each indicates the name of a **COLOR.** We have $250 to give to the ten most successful of our readers who solve these six illustrations and eighteen (18) others, twelve of which appeared in the last two issues and six which will appear in JUDGE next week. This puzzle competition is not inaugurated for the purpose of securing subscriptions to JUDGE, neither is it confined to JUDGE'S subscribers; it is open to everybody, whether he or she is a subscriber or not. The Puzzle Department is for the sole purpose of affording amusement and instruction to all of JUDGE'S friends. The essential features which will be considered by us in making the rewards, in conjunction with the correctness of the answers, will be the celerity and the general neatness with which the solutions are sent in to us.

A Total of $250

TO BE PAID TO TEN PEOPLE

1st Reward of Merit		a check for	$125
2d	"	"	80
3d	"	"	25
4th	"	"	20
5th	"	"	15
6th	"	"	10
7th	"	"	10
8th	"	"	5
9th	"	"	5
10th	"	"	5

READ THESE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY

Write the solution underneath each picture, cut out sheet (***holding it until the fourth and last series of puzzles is published in JUDGE No. 1071***) and write your name and address plainly on the bottom thereof; ***then mail all four sheets pinned together in the upper left-hand corner,*** to the "JUDGE PRIZE PUZZLE DEPT., 110 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK," in time to reach this office not later than one week from day of publication of JUDGE No. 1071. All solutions arriving later will be disqualified. You can send in as many answers as you please, providing you use a separate JUDGE puzzle sheet each time—no more than one solution of each picture can be given on any one sheet without causing confusion. You need not send a second set of solutions to the whole twenty-four puzzles in order to change your answer to any one or more of the puzzles; in other words, if in your opinion one or more of the pictures will bear different constructions, and you desire to submit each of these constructions as a part of your complete set of solutions, you can do so by using another sheet containing the particular picture or pictures in question. Thus sending two copies, say, of that sheet and one of each of the remaining sheets comprising the whole series, ***all pinned together in the upper left-hand corner, as required above.*** Be sure that you fully prepay postage in sending in solutions.

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THE SAD STORY OF LIZZIE, THE SWITCH-GIRL, AND THE DEAF MAN.